Viva la Revolution

by JinFenghuang

Summary

The boy who lived has enough. He doesn't see any reason to fight in a war that wasn't his, nor do he wants to be lied to. To the horror of all, he will leave the war behind him, and he doesn't have any intention to be stopped. With the Slytherin Theodore Nott, he will create an impartial side in this war. A side with no intention to fight this bloody war.

Notes

Disclaimer: Harry Potter isn't mine. I just take the characters and have some fun with them. I don't make money with this story or such nonsense.
Explanatory/Legend:
“Speaking”
“Thinking”
“Paseltongue”
Text in italics are letters or other written texts.
**text in bold are visions or dreams.**
Chapter 1

It wasn't a quiet night on the grounds of Hogwarts as the magical school was under the attack of death eaters. In the castle and on the grounds you could see and hear the fight. It was no night to be trapped under the invisible cloak, bewitched with the Petrificus Totalus and therefore in no condition to fight. Swipe this, he wasn't even able to defend himself. Just his luck, really. He had thought in part that the wind might get caught in the fabric and expose him, but his concern about it quickly evaporated when he became aware of the conversation. Unless you could and wanted to speak of a conversation at all, because in his eyes this was nothing more than a fucking farce and this tugged at his patience. How should he keep his temper under control when Albus Dumbledore, his headmaster and former mentor, the man he had always looked up to, tried to persuade Draco Malfoy to switch sides? How he promised him that he would protect his family, offer them a safe hiding place if the young man only switched sides after all? If he hadn't exactly been paralysed, then Harry would now snort contemptuously or fall into laughter, he wasn't sure for himself yet what he thought was more appropriate. Incomprehensible! What the old man was making right now for promises he probably couldn't even keep, just as he just looked like he was about to have an appointment with death very soon!

And Draco?

This flat pipe let his wand to sink and stammered somewhat from the fact that he would have had no choice at all, that he had had to think about the safety of his mother. A worm had more backbone than this coward and Harry seriously felt it was an insult to him personally that this warped boy had been given such an important role in this doomed war. Voldemort must have completely lost his mind! Not that Harry had ever doubted that he was dealing with an insane psychopath. However, such decisions did not atone at the high intellect Riddle must have had. He was aware that if reason did not immediately get back into one of the two, then a damn misfortune would happen and as if fate wanted to taunt him, the doors to the tower flew open crashing and more death eaters entered the action. Harry again felt the need to snorting disparagingly, that was now slowly becoming really ridiculous.

The Carrow siblings, ugly as the night and not exactly the brightest candles on the chandelier, had nothing better to do than to invite Draco to finally finish his assignment. He had done everything right so far and the Dark Lord would surely reward him profusely for getting their master's old enemy out of the way. Harry, however, irritated even more this crazy monster, who stumbled upon the fact that he liked to consume human flesh outside his wolf form and in particular to that of young men, whom he had previously raped. Harry seriously had his difficulties in understanding how utterly stupid some has to be to rush this monster on those young witches and wizards. Young minds Voldemort still needed for his reign. Tommy-boy got really old. Or his brain had received lasting damage when it had been thrown into the cauldron with the elixir for rebirth. There was only one who was still halfway by mind and this was the death eater unknown to him, who stopped the crazy werewolf from mauling the headmaster while the old man was still speaking on Draco.

Harry couldn't help but feel disbelief about the absurdity of the scenery ahead, but also untenable anger. Wrath burning hot and all consuming in his chest, who longed to be let out. It would all be fine again if Malfoy switched sides? Dumbledore would know how to protect his family? Then, if he couldn't even protect his own people decently? After all, Harry could hear them, their cries of pain were carried from the winds to them upwards on the astronomy tower. Then, if his secrecy had already destroyed and wiped out enough lives? Harry could feel his anger feeding on those thoughts, growing on and on and demanding that he make his voice heard. He had had enough of the half-truths, the lies and the struggles. Enough of him being the fucking boy-who-lived and the chosen
one. Nothing would be able to stop him from his decision yet, it was time to make it known. Now!

It was similar to the incident when he had inflated his uncle's sister because she just couldn't refrain from offending his parents over and over again. His magic became independent without him being able to exert any direct influence on it. This burst of wild magic distinguished solely in that its magical potential was much higher today and its power was more evident. He hurled the curse Dumbledore had imposed on him, and the emerging wave of pressure ripped the ground under their feet away from those present, leaving them landing on their asses. Finally he was able to move again, he pulled the invisibility cloak from himself and if he judged on the shocked faces then he probably had to give the picture of an angry harpy. That’s good they should remember, that he was really angry right now! Not that he had literally changed into any of these cruel creatures. But his already ruffled hair stood out to him a little more and his green eyes, which were otherwise scarred by lust for life and kindness, had become darker. They expressed deepest contempt for each of those present, shining in this eerie color that could otherwise be attributed to the Avada Kedavra.

"P-Potter? " Malfoy apparently possessed his father's genes after all, because he re-grabbed himself quite quickly and even got a word stuttered. It was obvious the teenager needed verbal confirmation of what he had in front of his own eyes and he wasn't doing it alone. His companions also showed this dubious expression as they became aware of the golden boy's sight.

"20 points for Slytherin – Malfoy could determine the obvious", sneered Harry, giving off a fairly faithful imitation of Snape when he again harassed one of the Gryffindors. It did not miss his effect on the young death eater, for he shrank under the tone of Harry’s and turned his gaze away, which only led the Gryffindor to make a noise that expressed his contempt. He looked from Malfoy to the other death eater, pointed the wand at them and gave them cold smiles that no one and at least any death eater or Albus would have expected from the golden boy of Gryffindor. "Move only a single millimetre and the Avada is the last thing you will see in your wretched life." His threat underscored Harry by letting the curse of death crash onto the floor between the Carrow siblings.

There was no doubt for those present: Their dream of the child of war heroes, a boy who would be just like a holy person was coming to an end. Because it was impossible to cast an unforgivable curse, when one didn’t truly want to hurt, to torture or to kill with it. Someone with scruples will only be able to cast a very weak version of those three curses, if it will not be complete impossible to cast it. The dark haired teenager turned to the headmaster of Hogwarts, his eyes were full of contempt and wrath so it was clear that he doesn’t make any difference between the death eaters and this man. In his opinion were both sides the foe. “Albus. Albus. Albus.” Harry didn’t have any respect left for this man and he didn’t take any time to lie in this matter. It’s a truly sad moment because Albus Dumbledore is a man, who was loved and respected by Harry, just like a grandson would worship his grandfather. Harry had enough of the lies, of the half truth and he truly resented the phrase >for the greater good< with all his might. His life wasn't Albus to control and it was just silly to believe that Harry would be thankful the bad decisions others had made for him – just because it was necessary for the fucking greater good.

“Harry, my boy...”

“Silence! Don’t you dare to ‘my boy’ me”, snapped Harry at the old man. He wouldn’t longer be lulled by his words, let himself be deterred from his plan. His anger did not relate in any way to being overwhelmed by his fate, but to the fact that it had been concealed from him for so long that people had to die because of it. “I've thought this were a perfect opportunity just to told you I will be out of this whole Voldemort must die business.”

“But Harry, you’ve got a job. You have to destroy Voldemort!” Albus considered the young man very seriously, but also understanding. It just had to come the time for it to get too much for young
Harry and he regretted not being able to help him. He could not change the fate of the young man and he would have to insist that this one was fulfilled. However, he should consider whether he did not grant the boy more freedom, perhaps offering to spend the holidays here in the castle or in the Burrow.

"I don't really care what task you intended for me." Harry put in the room and squatted in front of his former mentor, looking at him mockingly. "The boy who lives, the chosen one, the savoir of the wizard world has just submitted the resignation. Your order? The ministry? The Death Eaters? I classify each of these groups as my enemy and will act accordingly if you try to stand in my way. Was I clear?"

"But Harry..." tried Albus again.

“Nothing ‘But Harry’. I'm not going to live on with half-truths and your games. You really expect me to fight this psychopathic monster where Riddle would advance sixty years of experience? It's best to let myself be killed right away, what? -Avada Kedavra.” Harry pointed his wand at Fenrir at his last words, who could dodge the curse just like that by jumping to the side. "What exactly was not to understand about my words, dirty cattle?! I said quite clearly that I would kill you if you were to move even one millimetre from the spot. You can try to sneak up on me again, but rest assured that next time I will send a second curse."

It was written in each of those present's faces that they were shocked by the twist of things. No one even expected Potter to be able to use the unforgivable and would use them to maintain his personal freedom. Harry, on the other hand, did not elaborate on his looks at all, instead turning back to his headmaster. “I'm out, Albus. If there are people who also want to withdraw from this war, they are free to follow me. I have no interest in being pushed back and forth as a pawn, so make up your little war with Riddle himself. You would do the world a favour if you killed each other in the process, I wouldn't care. But be warned that I will greet the first one to stand in my way with the cruciatus curse and then end its miserable existence with the death curse.”

“Harry, my boy, you can...“ Albus immediately fell silent when he faced the top of Harry's wand. He didn't doubt for a moment that the teenager would make good on his threat. In his green eyes, the same fire flared that Albus already knew from his mother. A fire that could not be tamed and, in all its destruction rage, came over those naïve people who tried their way in it. Lily Evans, later Potter had been a force of nature and Albus had realised very early on that Harry was much more like his mother than his father. Although most magicians liked to be fooled into these things, as Harry looked so alarmingly similar to his father.

“Shall we bet, Albus?” Harry sneered. "It is no longer of interest to me whether Auror, whether a member of the Order or a death eater – whoever crosses my path, is executed by me and I take away the freedom to address the remains in individual parts to you in person.” He rose from the squat and looked contemptuous of the headmaster. "White side? Black side? Tom and you, you both have a tremendous shadow and should be treated in St. Mungos. If you were to excuse me, I still have an appointment.” Harry turned away from the man and wanted to leave when his gaze fell on Malfoy, whom he approached, again a contemptuous smile on his lips. “There's war and you're a soldier who sided with Riddle. So do your job pleasantly decent and don't let the enemy side wrap you around his finger because it's just making you a better deal, you spineless and pathetic apology of a death eater. You don't need to imagine much on the offer made. He wants to protect you? Then, if he has not been able to protect me, nor Sirius? Then, when he's closer to death than to life? If he couldn't even protect his own damn school from a pathetic wit inviting his little psychopathic friends. Although I warned him – several times! Watch you disappear from the grounds of this school, you have nothing to look for here.”
No one tried to stop him, so Harry pulled the door angrily behind him and hurriedly ran down the steps. Who knew when one of those present had the need to examine his words for their truthfulness, only to be mercilessly slaughtered by him. He didn't get very far when the figure of Snape came towards him, immediately he lifted the staff and spoke in deadly calm. "Cruciatus Curse or Avada?"

"Astronomy tower, thank you very much." Severus could hardly overhear the threat in the words of his student, but he did not even get involved in it, but immediately pushed his way past the teenager. Behind him, his cape flared up, when shortly afterwards he disappeared around the bend of the circular staircase.

"I bet his patronus is a fucking bat," Harry just snorted, making his way back to leaving this damn castle to escape all this madness. Putting the fate of an entire country on the shoulders of a teenager and then hoping that it just fits in like that, testified to how complacent and also stupid these people were. Really, as if the old scrape of a fortune teller could even be trusted across the way.

ooOooOoo

At the top of the steps, the master of all potions opened the door to the platform of the astronomy tower, already prepared to find everything possible behind the dark wood. After all, he was one of Potter's instructors and had an idea of what the young man was capable of. Anything possible? He was wrong, because he was not prepared in any way for what ultimately awaited him. There was no blood, no injuries and no other signs of a fight as he expected and Severus had seriously reckoned with one or the other mutilation. Instead, he found four deathers, one in training and the leader of the Order of the Phoenix sitting together in peaceful harmony. Each of them stared directly at him or rather behind Potter, who had just disappeared through that door. Severus looked at those present after each other to understand what the boy had done.

Albus didn't look good, not healthy. It was obvious he was battered and Severus did not doubt he had carried serious damage that night and also a deep shock of it. He wasn't so sure he even wanted to know what Potter had done to get such a result. After all, they were not talking about any sorcerer, but about Albus Dumbledore, conqueror of Grindelwald and leader of the resistance against Lord Voldemort and his followers. However, Potter didn't seem to know that putting this man in a state of incomprehension was contradicted. The Carrow siblings didn't make a better impression, sitting as if grown on their posteriors and not stirring a millimetre, he had to look three times to spot their breathing in the first place. Greyback showed an expression of sheer panic and this was a condition seen with a werewolf only when he felt threatened in its existence. Not a good sign. Jones, the name of the fourth in the bundles still seemed quite apprehended, but Severus realized at a glance that this was just a facade and the man was deeply terrified. Ah. He would report to the ministry at the latest time of three days, presumably as he would feel safer in Azkaban than in the firing line of Potter. His dark eyes glided to Malfoy, who had widened his eyes in fear and the dark spot on his pants suggested that the teenager had lost control of his bladder in fear. Severus snorted, not in disgust or for making fun of the young man. It was an instinctive reaction, so he wondered one thing: What had Potter done to disturb these people in such a way?

Severus was torn from his observations when the whole castle shook under an explosion and soon after tumult erupted on the steps to the tower, bringing closer to the tangle of the voice. He couldn't even understand a fraction of what was spoken there, but he could filter out from the fragments that they were talking about Potter and about Dumbledore. The potion master turned to the death eaters and drove them cold. "Move, we disappear here – immediately!" He was not interested that they looked at him perplex, but strode towards Malfoy to grab it by the arm and tug him up. Stupid boy, who who needed to involve himself in this madness. "Move it, now!"

"But our order!" Fenrir coveted. He was loyal to the dark lord, giving him the opportunity to expect
his pack and always have a little fun with his new companions before transforming or killing them right away. It was happy in his request to make his master pleased, but he was prevented from doing so.

"Stupor," Jones let hear, reaching for the werewolf's arm to apparate with this one from Hogwarts. Snape was a highly regarded death eater, not only before the Lord but also in front of her comrades. If the man ordered them to jump from the tower, it was synonymous, as if the Lord himself had spoken this command. No one disagreed with the Lord's poison mixer and closest confidante.

"Move it, Carrow," Snape snapped at the siblings, speaking none directly and yet both of them together to make fire under their butts. He now had no time to care about any orders from anyone else. A Potter who left one with only a choice between torture and death was cause for concern, but certainly not the fact that the headmaster would survive that very day, provided he received medical help. Presumably he would be able to sell to the Lord that the old men one day would choke on his lemon candy. He waited for everyone to disappear, then pressed a port key into his godchild's hand, so that he could disappear as well. After all, one of the death eters had got it on the line that the protection against apparition had been lifted. His last look was Albus, to whom he nodded slightly before he disappeared himself with the typical crack.

ooOoOoo

As the death eaters disappeared from the tower, the other death eaters also gave up their positions and disappeared from the grounds of the magic school, taking with them the injured and dead. Albus had been found by Remus and Minerva, but had not given them much information, that night had dragged on his powers and the shock was sitting deep in his bones, so that he soon lost consciousness. No one could really tell what had happened on the tower and soon the wildest rumours came up, especially as Harry, who was supposed to be with Albus, had disappeared. There were two people who had met him on the way out, but they would not comment further, after all, they had witnessed how Harry had blown up the half entrance hall to get one of the Order's members out of the way. Neither doubted that it had only gone so peacefully, because said member of the Order had not tried directly to stop Harry, but was simply in his way on his way out. It had been obvious that Harry would not let himself be stopped, so neither had tried.

"We've got to put together a search squad and make sure he is safe again! It's irresponsible that he's out there alone," Remus shouted incensed. He ran up and down the hospital room, deeply concerned for the son of his best friends. It was not for him to grasp that no one had yet made his way to seek the boy, that he had even been explicitly banned so as not to endanger the safety of Harry. It would cause too much of a stir, if you started a big search now, they had justified it.

"Calm down, Remus." Molly was also worried about the boy, after all, he was the hope of all and had now disappeared. How should they still face darkness when the only person who could stop the darkness was untraceable.

"Molly's right, it doesn't do us any good if we act hastily now. Let's wait for Snape's report to see if the death eaters know anything about the disappearance of Harry and then there's hope Albus will wake up again soon. He will certainly be able to tell us more about what happened and why Harry left." Arthur was the voice of reason in this group. Certainly, he too was worried about the young man, but he didn't doubt that he knew exactly what he was doing. He had seen it in his eyes when he had encountered him. Arthur trusted the determined young man who had made his decision and would not comment on it until he knew all the backgrounds – this included why Harry had turned away from Albus.
Harry could only relax somewhat when he was sitting in the London subway, leaning his head against the cool window glass and watching the passing lights and signs without actually noticing them. After he had left the grounds of Hogwarts, he had immediately made his way into the three brooms of Hogsmeade and shortly thereafter stumbled out of the fireplace in the leaking cauldron. How he abhorred this kind of travel. Not only was his clothes dirty with ash and dust, but his mouth and nose were also dirty, so he had to either cough or sneeze. However, it was the only way to move in the magical world without leaving a trace. In the leaking cauldron he had immediately taken a chair with him and thus attracted the attention of the few people present, with a "No time for explanations, Tom" the young man had already disappeared from the door to London. The muggle world was big and offered him several possibilities to disappear when he dared to hope for it in the magical world. If you want to be specific, there was even a hiding place where even this damn Order of Albus wouldn't look for him, the Ministry couldn't track him down and Voldemort would never find him. The house of his relatives.

Less than a year ago, the young wizard would have done everything he could to avoid going back to his relatives, but now he had no other choice. His mother's blood protection spell prevented him or his relatives from being tracked down by Voldemort, even though this would only be a protection until he came of age in a few weeks. It should not be forgotten that the Order would not seek him there so soon, as Harry always made it very clear what he thought of his mother's family and he will not return there voluntarily. Who could have imagined this? Harry Potter sought refuge with the people who hated and despised him most, not even the Dark Lord could compete with that of his esteemed relatives. It would certainly be an amusing sight to reveal to Voldemort that he and a few Muggles had something in common and that he was beaten by them. Harry had to laugh quietly at the thought. No gallons in the world could match that moment, and he made up his mind that he would personally hurl it at the Dark Lord the next time he faced him.

His green eyes turned back to the train compartment as his instincts intervened and warned him that he was being watched. Harry had been placed on a pedestal all his life in the magical world and had developed a very intense feeling for it when one stared at him. As inconspicuous as possible, the black-haired teenager glided his gaze over those present, but it took him a moment to spot the one who seemed to be trying to stare more or less into the ground. Harry raised an eyebrow almost instantly when he realized that Theodore Nott of all people was staring at him and probably believed that he was doing so inconspicuously. Beside the two young magicians there were three Muggles in the compartment, so that Harry didn't think long and rose too smoothly and went over to Theodore. He had made it very clear what he intended to do if anyone tried to stand in his way. His wand bored through the fine fabrics of the other's robes, while he had fixed him from green eyes. "What do you want, Nott?" He sounded anything but enthusiastic.

"Come along," replied the Slytherin, without a trace of hesitation in his voice. "I want to accompany you", he repeated his request again immediately afterwards, so that one would also be able to comprehend the meaning of his words. He wasn't really intimidated by the fact that he was threatened with a magic wand, it wasn't the first time and if Potter really wanted to kill him, he certainly wouldn't be alive anymore.

It was quite obvious that Harry hadn't expected this answer in any way, because he looked quite surprised, but he caught himself just as quickly. Harry grabbed the other boy's sleeve and pulled him with him to one of the rows of two seats. There would be no hesitation on his part if the Slytherin stood in his way, then he would kill him any time, but that didn't mean that he had mutated into an ice-cold killer who randomly killed everyone just by crossing his path. He pushed the other teenager
into one of the seats and dropped next to him. A look at the other passengers told him that this had been the best decision, because they had already become aware of them and probably wanted to intervene. "Explain", Harry ordered harshly and watched the others from the corner of his eye.

"It is not in my interest that I become Death Eater, it is my father's wish and if I refuse, it will be my death. But it would also be my death, if I would get involved with this madness, because I don't care if someone is pure blood or half blood or anything else and because you proved very impressively in the castle that the whole thing goes against your wishes, I simply followed you." Theodore couldn't exactly say that he felt particularly comfortable revealing himself that way, even when he was threatened by a magic wand, which the black-haired man was still holding in his hands.

"You make the other passengers aware of us and nervous, so relax," Harry murmured, rubbing his forehead. He let the magic wand disappear again in the holster on his forearm and leaned back relaxed himself. "For all I care, you can accompany me, but only one wrong step and I'll finish what I just wanted to start. Have I expressed myself clearly?

"Crystal clear", Theodore replied, relaxed in view of the fact that the magic wand was no longer directed at him. "Where are we going?"

"To my relatives. Their house is protected from Voldemort and the Order would not suspect me there." Harry noticed the doubting look of his new companion, but he didn't go into it any further, since he now had no time to explain it and the Slytherin would know what he meant by his words in a few hours. "Sleep a little more, we'll be on the road for a while until we get there and then there's a good walk ahead of us." He trusted the Slytherin only conditionally, why they would not immediately go to his relatives, but would go beyond and then hike a while, so that she would probably be on the road the whole next day.

ooOoOoo

Harry had gotten off with Theodore at a train station in the middle of nowhere, had spent several hundred pounds at the shop there to get them decent clothes, a backpack and rations for the next two days. He benefited from the fact that he had been planning his disappearance for some time, even though it had been a bit hasty. It was his plan that they would be on the road for the next two days, that they would change direction again and again, that they would travel on foot sometimes with one of the buses - until their track would be lost. Already on the first day it became clear that Theodore is not very sporty and was overstrained by the whole situation, therefore he complained about side-stitches and exhaustion. Harry wasn't exactly known for his patience, so in the afternoon of the second day he went over to making the Slytherin legs in a bad mood. However, after a few hours he realized that the whole thing had no sense any more and had a taxi stop to drive the last kilometres, much to Theodore's relief. Harry didn't let himself be dropped off at the Dursley's, but a few crossroads away from them. Mrs. Figg always took her walk in the early evening, so they had to avoid her, so that the Order was not immediately informed of her arrival in Private Drive. However, Harry hadn't expected the last few yards to the house of his relatives to be so nerve-wracking, as Theodore stopped at most shop windows to look at the display. 'Damn pure-bred that would have better documented Muggle studies rather than wasting my time now,' Harry didn't curse for the first time in his mind as he grabbed Theodore's arm and dragged him with him. Only one more crossroad, then they were finally there and didn't walk around with a target on their back.

"Don't be in such a hurry, Harry! Explain to me what that is?" Theodore was a very inquisitive person and he discovered new things all day long, so he had many questions. Even if Harry wasn't exactly willing to answer this question, but dragged him on again and again.

"A game console to waste your time with. Now come on, we can't spend all our time on the open
road, because we've exhausted my outrageous luck this day. My cousin has these games too, I'll show you when we get there." Harry would even buy the Slytherin such a thing, if he would finally go on for it, so that they were safe.

"Really?" Theodore showed his enthusiasm quite openly, the little snake seemed to have come to the conclusion that he didn't need to pretend any more towards Harry and that he could be himself. Which probably also included his interest in the Muggles, for which he would have been tortured to death by his father without a doubt.

"I promise, come on, now." Harry simply couldn't suppress a rolling with his eyes, because he realized that this would be extremely amusing. A pure-blooded Slytherin in the Muggle household. He had no doubt that in the next few weeks he would have to explain many things that he took for granted. Neither did he doubt that everyone would laugh if they could see him now. The boy who lived, the Savoir of the Wizard's World, the chosen one who knew no fear of Voldemort, faced him several times and survived, but was unable to get the Slytherin directly to his family's house.

Harry led Theodore on several hidden paths in the neighborhood, so that they didn't attract much attention, because hardly anybody went these ways and he had to know, after all he had spent many hours of his childhood avoiding others. "We're there," mumbles the black-haired teenager, pointing to the house number four. All they had to do was cross the street and they would be right in front of the door.

Theodore, on the other hand, looked around curiously, only to be disappointed that the area was boring and monotonous. "It must be terrible to have to grow up in such a place. Everything is so... dull."

"It won't get any better either," Harry noted with a bitter expression on his face and knocked hard on the door. His green eyes wandered to Theodore, whom he looked at entertainingly with an expression of regret and compassion. His relatives would not like it so much that he brought another wizard into their house.

"Petunia, the door!" The deep voice of Vernon also roared to them at the same time. Harry knew that by that time his uncle was already sitting in front of the TV watching his evening news, nothing would stop him and at the very least that there was a knock at the door. That would be a very uncomfortable conversation.

Petunia Dursley soon opened the door for them, still wearing the apron and holding a tea towel in her hands. Her gaze glided alternately back and forth between the two young men, she couldn't hide her surprise at the sight of her nephew. She hadn't even expected him to come this holiday at all, even less that he was a few weeks early. But before she could say a word about it and one could imagine that it wouldn't be friendly, her nephew took it from her.

"Good evening, Aunt Petunia," Harry greeted the woman as kindly as he could under the circumstances. She didn't want him here and he didn't want to be here, nothing could be changed. "I know it's a little surprising, but I really need to talk to you and Uncle Vernon. Please.” He looked at his aunt with insistence, so far he had always avoided talking to her about the magical war. She didn't want to know anything about these things, rejected anything abnormal and included his magic and all those who belonged to these 'freaks'.

"This one doesn't come into my house," Petunia said, disgusted by the sight of Theodore, who didn't really know what was happening to him. Basically, the young wizard wanted to justify himself, but Harry simply grabbed him by the arm and pulled him along when the black-haired teenager pushed past his aunt. No consideration was given to his aunt's protests, any more than Theodore's, who immediately found himself in a kitchen and was referred to one of the chairs with a hand gesture.
"He is already seventeen and is considered by the law of the magicians to be of age, with which he is
quite entitled to perform magic, so better think three times whether you want to annoy him with such
behavior, dearest aunt." Harry looked at Theodore only very briefly, but he seemed to quickly
understand that he should play this game together with him, even if it was a plain lie. With an
expression of satisfaction, Harry observed that his companion demonstratively laid his wand on the
table in front of him, while he turned away himself and went to the cupboards to take out the
teaware.

His threat did not fail to have an effect on Petunia as she squealed in fright and one might think that
she had seen a dirty mouse in her otherwise clean kitchen and would now prefer to get on a chair. In
the meantime Vernon had also been lured, but he still seemed to struggle with himself, whether he
should roar or not. The view of Nott's wand, however, seemed to keep the Dursleys from provoking
him. Harry at that moment thanked Moody for talking to his relatives last summer and making it clear
that the magical world wouldn't appreciate it if their glorified hero continued to be treated like the
scum of the earth.

"Sit down," Harry ordered in a completely calm tone that sounded so alien to the otherwise vivacious
teenager. Knowing that this would be a difficult conversation, he started by making tea, so he didn't
run the risk of his aunt fainting when he couldn't have it. For her harsh nature towards him, the
woman was not emotionally stable and especially when it had something to do with his 'abnormality'.

They followed his command only after clear hesitation and behaved absolutely calmly, while the
young Slytherin looked around curiously and Harry cooked a pot of tea. Not a word was spoken
while Harry placed four cups on the table, some milk and sugar and finally the pot of tea. Only after
he had sat down at the table did Vernon take the floor. "What are you doing here, boy?" He was
clear to hear that his nephew was unwelcome here.

"Unfortunately, I am dependent on your help and I will let it cost me a lot if you agree," Harry
opened the conversation and also got to the heart of his matter. He loathed it when one was with long
phrases and simply could not get to the point. Albus had this terrible habit. "Theodore and I will hide
here for the next six weeks, until the day of my birthday, then we would leave immediately." He
poured tea for everyone while quietly reciting his intentions.

"Why should we help you? We don't want you and your kind to get too close to us. How many
times do I actually have to tell you that?" Vernon had raised his voice and even if he didn't roar, it
was loud enough that the volume roared in the ears of the teenagers. No, not welcome at all.

Theodore began to understand how Harry could be so sure that the Order would not seek him here.
No one with a clear mind would go into a household where one is so obviously despised, and it
almost saddened him when he realized that this was his classmate's family. He drank of his tea and
continued to listen attentively, finding with a mixture of amusement and disgust that the Dursleys
only drank of the tea when they were convinced that he did not fall dead from the chair.

"You were supposed to control your temper, Uncle Vernon. I've already told Aunt Petunia that
Theodore may perform magic as an adult wizard and this also means that absolutely no one will rush
to your aid if you draw his wrath." Harry knew that the Ministry would be on the mat immediately if
one of them did magic in the next few weeks, and it didn't matter if they were of age or not. He knew
that he was the only wizard in the area and any spells located here would be assigned to him
immediately, even if he had nothing to do with it. However, his words did not fail to have the
expected effect, for his uncle's face immediately changed from angry red to sickly grey-green. "Very
nice that we understand each other. What if I have all your attention now?"

Vernon looked anxiously from the wand to its owner, who just grinned at him amused, then he
looked at his nephew. He just nodded to make it clear that he would listen to what Harry had to say.

"I have no knowledge of the extent to which Dumbledore has enlightened you about the tragic circumstances of my parents' death, so I'll sum it up again. They were attacked and killed by a psychopathic megalomaniac with a tendency to paranoia, attempting to kill me he destroyed himself. Two years ago he then performed a rather ugly ritual, which helped him to his old power and to shorten a rather long story: He is still obsessed with me and will do everything in his power to kill me. Understand so far?" Harry looked quietly from his aunt to his uncle.

They had of course known how the Potters died, but they hadn't yet known the danger their nephew was in, yet they nodded slightly and made it clear that they could follow him so far.

"My mother was a rather cunning witch and when she realized that she had no chance to escape, she wove an ancient blood spell, triggered by her willing sacrifice for me and finally protecting me, still protecting you. Dumbledore has taken the liberty of manipulating my mother's blood spell and extending it to you, so I have to spend every summer vacation here. To all our displeasure, as I would like to assure you. Understand so far?" Harry decided to explain the situation to them step by step, because he strongly doubted that they had ever dealt with it and therefore understood what it would mean for them.

Vernon just stared at Harry, but Petunia nodded slightly to make it clear that she could follow the young man. She had read one or two of her little sister's books and vaguely remembered that she had once read that blood rituals and spells were very powerful and could not simply be dissolved.

"There's a war going on in my world that won't stop at you either. There are no magical people being tortured and killed simply because they are not magical. I have decided that I will withdraw from this ridiculous war that will know no winners. I don't care what the magical people are doing if they kill each other. For my part, I will withdraw completely, but I can only do this when I am of age and I need a hiding place until then. Clearly so far?"

"And why should we hide you and your... companion," Petunia asked. She had understood the situation faster than her husband, who just sat there stunned and apparently found no words or did not dare to say anything because he felt threatened by Theodore.

"An excellent question, dearest aunt," Harry said scornfully. Somehow it gave him a certain satisfaction that he could treat them like simple-minded idiots. "The blood spell that protects me and you from Voldemort will expire on his seventeenth birthday, as my magical potential unfolds and magic considers me independent, so I won't need protection anymore. It doesn't interest you, but I am able to defend myself, but I can't say that about you." His traits showed an expression of cruelty as he continued speaking. "Voldemort will come and he will show no mercy, for he is a little vindictive bastard who has not forgiven my mother for tricking him. So he will have his pure pleasure in killing the sister of this 'little mudblood bitch'. And hopefully you don't think he'll spare your little Dudley, do you? He could one day conceive magical children, at least he's related to one of the most powerful magicians in the world." His cold eyes glided over to Vernon, and he found himself almost amused. "He won't get his hands dirty on you, but he has his little death eaters who find sexual satisfaction in killing a worthless Muggle who has also mistreated a magical child, impure as his blood may be. They have this kink that magic goes above all, even that of a dirty half-breed."

Theodore could literally see Harry's words working because his classmate's uncle looked terribly pale and his aunt gave the impression she was about to faint. He didn't really know what to think of the whole situation. He had already become aware that the Order would not seek them here, and the explanation why they were so protected from Voldemort gave reason enough to stay here. But he did not yet know how to deal with the Dursleys in the next few weeks. Because he had received the
education of a Death Eater and Harry had already put it in a nutshell, the mistreatment of a magical child by a Muggle was intolerable, even for Theodore, who has no interest in following in his father's footsteps. It was simply outrageous for him to abuse a magical child because it is magical. What else distinguished these Muggles from Death Eaters who killed Muggles because they were not magical?

"And what should we do if you disappear on your birthday?" Vernon now took the floor, and was no longer as cheeky as before. He was intimidated by the realization that his own life and that of his family depended on the boy, whom he had not treated very kindly for years.

"I'll give you a new identity, adjust your looks as part of that, and then we'll go to London, where we'll visit the Gringotts Wizard Bank, so I can provide money for your escape." Harry put this in the room as a fact because he had no doubt that his relatives would understand him and do what he asked them to do. "I expect only one thing in return: you will deliberately overlook our presence here."

"That's it? We need to do nothing more than simply ignore your presence?" Petunia seemed to be looking for the hook in this offer, after all, they had never been friendly to their nephew, had treated him like the last piece of filth. Why should he even bother to protect them and give them a chance to stay safe?

"You already understood me correctly, aunt. I've been living in this house for almost sixteen years now and no, I can't exactly say that I have even one beautiful memory of my childhood. But you, Petunia, are still my mother's sister and I will certainly not defile her memory by allowing someone to simply erase her family and this only because they were forced to take me in with them". Harry stood up and put his empty teacup in the sink. "We'll go to my room now and stay there for the next few weeks. You don't have to do anything but provide us with enough food and ignore us otherwise. And I advise you to inculcate Dudley to stay out of our way. I won't plunge my family into their doom, but I don't see any reason to save them if they can't stick to the simplest conditions. Let's go, Nott."

"I was very pleased, Mrs. Dursley, Mr. Dursley," Theodore said, true to his upbringing, took his wand and followed Harry out of the kitchen. They walked through the hallway, up the stairs and into a small room that resembled a storeroom in his family's mansion rather than a room where a man lived. He suddenly realized that it would be his self-chosen prison for the next few weeks, for he had no doubt that they would not be able to leave the house.

"Welcome to the Muggle world, or should I say your personal hell?" Harry stepped up to the desk and sat down, also immediately took paper and pencil to hand. Letters had to be written, which he would then send with Hedwig as soon as the snowy owl had found him. He didn't doubt an eye that his faithful companion would show up on Private Drive in the next few hours, the animal had an excellent sense of where he was.

"But you know I'm not seventeen yet, right?" Theodore sat down on the narrow bed and didn't let it get away from him watching Harry for a while. Somehow he couldn't figure out the Gryffindor and he didn't have the feeling that he would solve this riddle in the next few weeks. He had also never expected him to ever see an expression of such cruelty on the face of the golden boy of Gryffindor, it contradicted everything he knew about Harry. And then he realized that he basically knew nothing about the other.

"It doesn't matter whether you are seventeen or not. They just had to believe that you were, so I had an effective leverage to get them to listen to me at all. Now I have them in my hand with the love for their son, that they would not turn against us, even if they found out that you are not allowed to do magic at all. And if we were caught here, I wouldn't care about the law, because I would personally
curse us a way to freedom." Harry vaguely pointed to the closet, where there was a change of clothes, and then to the bed. "We had a long day, so go to sleep and we'll talk tomorrow."

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!